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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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A FLIRTATION THAT MAY LEAD TO SERIOUS RESULTS IN THE FALL.

He [John Kelly] will again be drawn into the vortex of politics; and it is his nature to lead and not to follow.—*New York Tribune*.

PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

In the grave where we lay the latest dead of our great men, let us also lay the memory of all that was weak and mistaken in a life full of labor, danger and great care. Let the memory that remains to us, sweeter than the flowers above him, more enduring than the monuments we shall raise in his honor, be only of his fearless faith, his just and generous soldier's spirit, his ready and constant devotion to his country, and his patient and enduring courage; and let us speak of these things only when we tell our children to remember the name of Grant.

JULY 23RD, 1885.

It is pleasant to see a great wave of sympathy for Mr. John Roach sweeping over this broad country. In the grand revolution of feeling that has taken place since the news of his bankruptcy came upon us like thunder out of a summer sky, we all recognize the fact that he is entitled to our profoundest sympathy and respect, and to any other tributes that we can think of. In fact, there isn't much in the way of homage that we ought not to offer to a man who fails for 200 cents on the dollar. And that, Mr. Roach's assignees inform us, represents the proportion of his assets to his liabilities. There is novelty, there is originality in this method of going into bankruptcy. If Mr. Roach will settle up his debts on this scale, he will be the most popular man

in the country. And there is a general impression that he could afford to do so, out of the profits of his government contracts, without absolutely losing money on his investments.

Heavens! but it is pitiful to see this industrious, enterprising man thus stricken in his old age—so pinched financially that he can pay only 200 cents on the dollar. After a life-time of arduous labor, has it come to this? Is the parent of the government-ship-building-appropriation industry to be brought so near the verge of beggary? Would this have been possible when noble-hearted, open-handed men like Robeson and Chandler held the Secretaryship of the Navy? If there is one spark of manly feeling left in Mr. Whitney's flinty dude bosom, he must toss upon his bed at night as he thinks of the ruin he has wrought.

Contemplate your work, Secretary Whitney! Here you found this good, honest, simple-minded old gentleman—a man who fails for 200 cents on the dollar—left you as a precious legacy by your predecessors. What was he doing in the tender sunset of life? Building ships. What for? Why, just for his own amusement and to keep the money of the government in active circulation. And what did you do, Secretary Whitney? Why, you stepped in and interfered with his innocent little amusements, and refused to pay for his ships, just because they showed a tendency to break in the middle. Would any former secretary have objected to paying government money for ships that broke in the middle? By no means. He would have paid for the ships with the government's money, and then he would have sent them back to be repaired, and would have paid

more of the government's money for the repairs. Your cruelty, Mr. Whitney, has driven this good old gentleman into bankruptcy, with assets of only 200 cents on the dollar. It is our belief, Mr. Whitney, that you are little better than a mugwump in disguise.

Go it, Mr. Whitelaw Reid. Lure the coy Kelly from his retirement, and begin your dignified negotiations for a "deal." You are a proud monument of self-respect, you are. Between the devil and the deep sea of oblivion and defeat, you are for the devil every time, aren't you? You are perfectly willing to take in any political mercenary to fight under the banner of the Party of Moral Ideas, aren't you? And you really think that people are going to flock to that flag next November when they see it waving in John Kelly's hands?

Hasn't it got into your fantastic intellect yet that the day of "deals" is passing away? Can't you understand that for every black-guard vote that is delivered to you by one of the local "halls" you scare away ten honest voters who have learned, within the last year or so, to be independent in their honesty? Don't you know why your friend Mr. Blaine is mildewing in Augusta, Me.? No, you don't, and you never will learn to read the signs of the times. Go on, carry out your practical-politician programme, and get your rebuke at the hands of a practical public. It is such men as you, and such methods as yours, that have stricken the Republican Party from power. If you continue in your ways, you will finish the job and kill the party outright. Then—possibly—you will begin to do a little thinking.

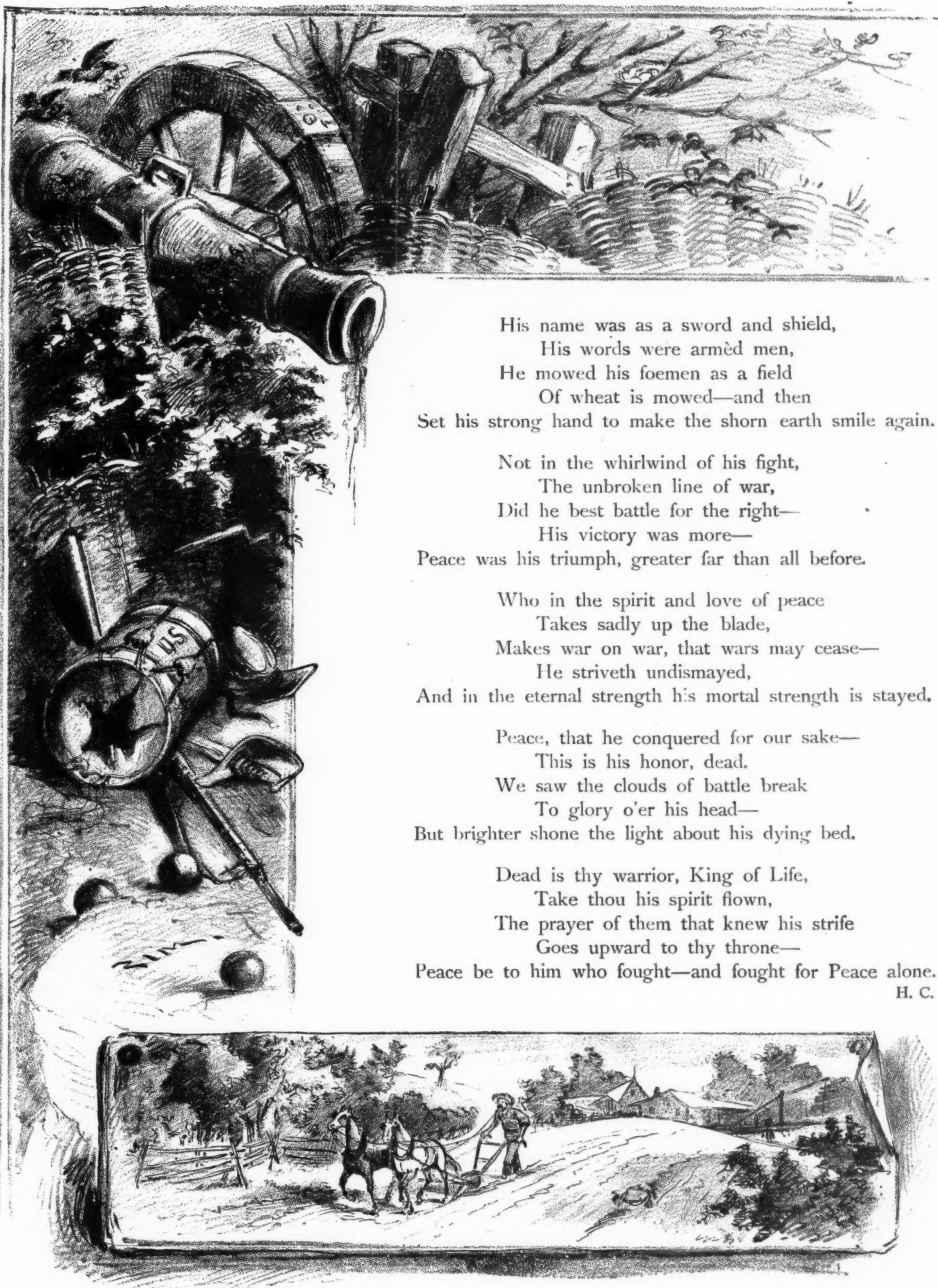
THE GOOD OLD TIMES.



AGED PARTY.—"One hundred and forty-three in the shade! That comes somewhere near the weather we used to have when I was a boy. They don't have no such weather in these days."

"Let Us Have Peace."

U. S. G.—July 23, 1885.



His name was as a sword and shield,
His words were armed men,
He mowed his foemen as a field
Of wheat is mowed—and then
Set his strong hand to make the shorn earth smile again.

Not in the whirlwind of his fight,
The unbroken line of war,
Did he best battle for the right—
His victory was more—
Peace was his triumph, greater far than all before.

Who in the spirit and love of peace
Takes sadly up the blade,
Makes war on war, that wars may cease—
He striveth undismayed,
And in the eternal strength his mortal strength is stayed.

Peace, that he conquered for our sake—
This is his honor, dead.
We saw the clouds of battle break
To glory o'er his head—
But brighter shone the light about his dying bed.

Dead is thy warrior, King of Life,
Take thou his spirit flown,
The prayer of them that knew his strife
Goes upward to thy throne—
Peace be to him who fought—and fought for Peace alone.

H. C. B.

KATRINA.

A TRIBUTE TO TEUTONIC TASTE.

Katrina, blithe and buxom maid,
You of my kitchen are the light.
'Mid dishes orderly arrayed,
You reign a queen in glory bright;
And now I may forget at last
The hosts Hibernian of the past.

Neat-handed, of respectful mien,
Of gentle and industrious ways,
Your German sway is calm, serene;
The household joys in peaceful days.
And yet—and kindly be it said—
You will put anise-seed in bread.

Your eyes are blue, your face is fair,
And honest are you as the sun;
And neatly braided is your hair,
And great your sum of labor done.
Yet, true, some discord slight it makes—
Your sticking cloves in griddle-cakes.

You rise before the lark is up;
Modest and simple is your dress;
Inside and outside of the cup
And platter shine with cleanliness.
But, oh, Katrina, could you know
Sugar with spinach should not go!

Better than Ethiop, better far
Than all the old Milesian lot,
I hail you as my household star,
And prize the treasure I have got—

I'd hang you o'er with diamond drops,
If you'd refrain from spicing—chops.



GETTING UP EARLY.

I have been living in the country for some little time, and have been learning a good many things that formerly I did not know anything whatever about. I have found it a great thing to learn as much as you can in this world. It is a very amusing sort of concern to any man who is willing to inquire into things.

I have heard a good deal about the pleasures of rising early in the country. There are a lot of lop-eared idiots meandering around this vale of tears and expending a great deal of valuable time and printer's ink in trying to persuade people that they ought to get out of their comfortable beds early in the morning. One of them wrote that sad old hymn beginning:

Early to bed and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy and wealthy and wise.

Well, I've tried that recipe. I went to bed early and got up early for a long time, and used to spend my days sitting around with a spy-glass for the first onslaught of riches. I am fairly healthy, considering the amount of alleged humor I have extracted from my soul in the past few years, and I'm just conceited enough to believe that I have a fair, average allowance of wisdom. But my bank-account can be added up by a two-year-old baby—and frequently is.

Consequently I wasn't filled with enthusiasm when I read the advice to be up with the lark. In the first place, the lark is a measly, mean sort of bird that's got hold of a reputation he never earned. He doesn't get up any earlier than an English sparrow or a chippy, and they aren't half as big as he is. He doesn't get up any earlier than any other bird.

As soon as I found that out, I said to myself: "Here's where I get up by a new and original clock, patent applied for. I don't see any necessity of my going out into the field to find out whether the lark or any other bird is up. What's the matter with getting up when my canary-bird does?"

So I hung the canary's cage in the window opposite my bed so that I could see him, and went to bed early. I woke up early. The canary was down in the bottom of his cage as still as a mouse. I turned over to go to sleep, but a big rooster under my window began to crow. He crew off his first edition in about half-an-hour. Just as I started to go to sleep again he commenced getting out his second edition. I began to get tired. It didn't worry the canary. He stayed right down in the bottom of the cage and never stirred. I whispered to myself that in the dusk of the evening I would find that rooster and slay him. I tried to go to sleep once more, but that confounded rooster had been down to the hen-house and learned some more news, and he started in to get out an extra.

Then I said to myself: "It must be getting late. I can't sleep any longer."

I looked at my watch, and found that it was 7:37 A. M.

"This canary," said I: "is a moth-eaten fraud."

Then I rose up, and went over and shook the cage. I found out then why the canary had neglected to arise at his customary hour. He couldn't. He was dead.

W. J. HENDERSON.

A BITTER INSULT.

"Please, sir, can you give me something to eat?"

It was the voice of an aged wanderer on the highway. He had paused at the gate of a haughty, purse-proud aristocrat, in the hope of getting a morsel of food to help him on his journey.

"You're too late," said the aristocrat: "our dinner was over an hour ago."

"I am very hungry, sir," said the itinerant.

"Can't help it," said the aristocrat: "yet stay. Go next door; it is just their dinner-time."

The itinerant drew himself up proudly.

"What, there? Never!"

"Why?"

"I was once insulted there."

"How?"

"Why, you see, they gave me a very fair sort of dinner of five courses; but they had the impudence to serve me my after-dinner coffee in a large cup, and with milk in it."

THE SEA-SERPENT recently made his appearance near Ocean Grove. They don't sell any liquor at Ocean Grove, but they have a brand of sermons down there that answers the purpose.

RESIGNATION is a virtue which a man may be proud to possess. He may be resigned when the President asks him to, or when he bets on the wrong horse, or when he buys stocks in Wall Street and has to put up his immortal soul in margins; but the man who can be resigned when his collar-button breaks in two, just after he has succeeded in buttoning a brand-new four-ply linen collar, is laying up for himself a great store of happiness in the hereafter.

"HERE," said Peterson, entering a store and throwing down a very gaudy red-and-black-striped suit: "take this thing back; I don't want it."

"But we don't take back bathing-suits, after we have sold them once."

"I don't care; you may have this one, I don't want it."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Why, I was swimming in it off Long Branch, and a whole fleet of yachts took me for a buoy and rounded me. I don't want any more of that."

MARVELOUS!



FORTUNE-TELLER.—"My friend, this here book tells me that you've just got over a terrible sickness—small-pox, I think; an' you've also had an accident—broken your arm, or something; an' you've recently lost a near and dear relative, an' you'll come into over sixty thousand dollars in about a couple o' months! One dollar 'n' a quarter, please."

PROGRESS.

How much progress has progressed, more particularly in modern times, in spite of late frosts, seventeen-year locusts, and the refusal of the *Tribune* to accept the situation!

Take the art of government, for instance. In the art of government there has been a steady evolution from the patriarchal form, suited only to a small community down to the present time, when taxes have become so numerous and heavy that a man has to own vast quantities of real estate before he is recognized as a double-barreled pauper, and eligible to the hospitalities of the poor-house.

During all the centuries there has been one grand upward movement of the architectural mind. From the "groves, God's first temple," where magi dwelt, interpreting the silent stars and worshipping the sun, through all the varied styles from Indian to Egyptian, then on up to Grecian, Etruscan, Roman, that of the Middle Ages, the revival of the sixteenth century, to modern times, the same progress is discovered until we get to those wonderful structures, the erection, or rather downfall of which has something to do with the intention of Buddensiek to play checkers with his nose on a grated window at Sing Sing for the next ten years.

Just see what progress has been made in painting from the first sketches and drawings through all the schools to the matchless colors of Rubens, the towering art of Raphael, in which we see continued progress, from form to form, condition to condition, all bound together by the chain of evolution, until the culmination of art has been reached in our own day, when you can't buy a pound of tea without having to carry off a mezzotint pre-Raphaelite gem in the bargain.

The system of adding by art something in every generation to the fund of knowledge has continued, until now a graduate of any good college can forsake his *alma mater*, and bear away with him more actual information about rowing a boat, boxing, and smoking cigarettes, etc., than was ever possessed by the great Newton, Herschel, or Franklin. If this is not progress, what is it?

And what wonderful strides have been made in chemistry, from the days of alchemy to the loftiest results in modern chemical compounds! Thanks to the progress in chemistry, we have glucose in sugar, tannin in tea, *terra alba* in candy, and more or less chemical fraud in everything that goes into our mouths.

Look at the history of printing, from Gutenberg's first rude attempts to the mighty presses which daily demoralize society by sending to thousands of families all the superfluous details about divorces, murders, and other criminalities!

There has been great progress in mathematics, from the simplest combination of

numbers to the most intricate sinuosities of the calculations made by the *Tribune* reporter who elected Blaine.

There has undoubtedly been a great deal of progress; but some of it is like the ground gained by the English soldiers in the Soudan—it has been downwards.

ALEX. E. SWEET.

A SUMMER SONG.

Out of the woods a sweet breath blows
A whisper of vines and wild bright flowers,
And my heart to a silent rapture grows,
And blooms like the roses through all the hours.
Oh, sweet young flowers!
Oh, fair bright hours!
And fresh young heart that blooms like a rose!

Out of the woods, where the wild rose blows,
There come a-buzzing and skimming along
Ticks and mosquitos in long dark rows,
And they change the words of my festive song:
Oh, Lord, how long
Will they sing that song,
And how big will their bites swell up my nose?
W. J. HENDERSON.

TROCHES.

ONE OF the Princess Beatrice's wedding-presents is a grand piano which has "so elastic a touch that all the gradations, from the most subdued whisper to the greatest fortissimo passage, can be accomplished with fine effect." Now we understand why the Queen has decided that after the marriage her daughter shall have a home of her own. Queens are only human, after all.

THE BRAVE city marshal of Jug Tavern, Idaho, recently prevented a terrible riot. A body of men quarreled with some miners, and finally they came to blows. The marshal stepped to the front and promptly killed ten miners and five of the other party. It is believed that but for his prompt action there would have been bloodshed.

A RICHMOND MAN thinks of founding a museum of George Washington relics. If he could only collect all the houses where Washington made his headquarters, all the trees where he tied his horse, all the coachmen who used to drive his horses, and all the women he kissed, he could make much more than a museum. He would have a city.

THE DETROIT *Free Press* has discovered that one may study the camel for ten years and learn something every day. We would suggest that the editors of some blainiac newspapers turn their attention to the camel. They do not seem to be able to learn anything any other way.

A MAN is a fool if he blows his own horn.—*Exchange*. He's a bigger fool if he blows some other fellow's.—*Philadelphia Call*. He is the biggest fool of all if he trusts any one else to blow his own horn for him, as any experienced politician can testify.

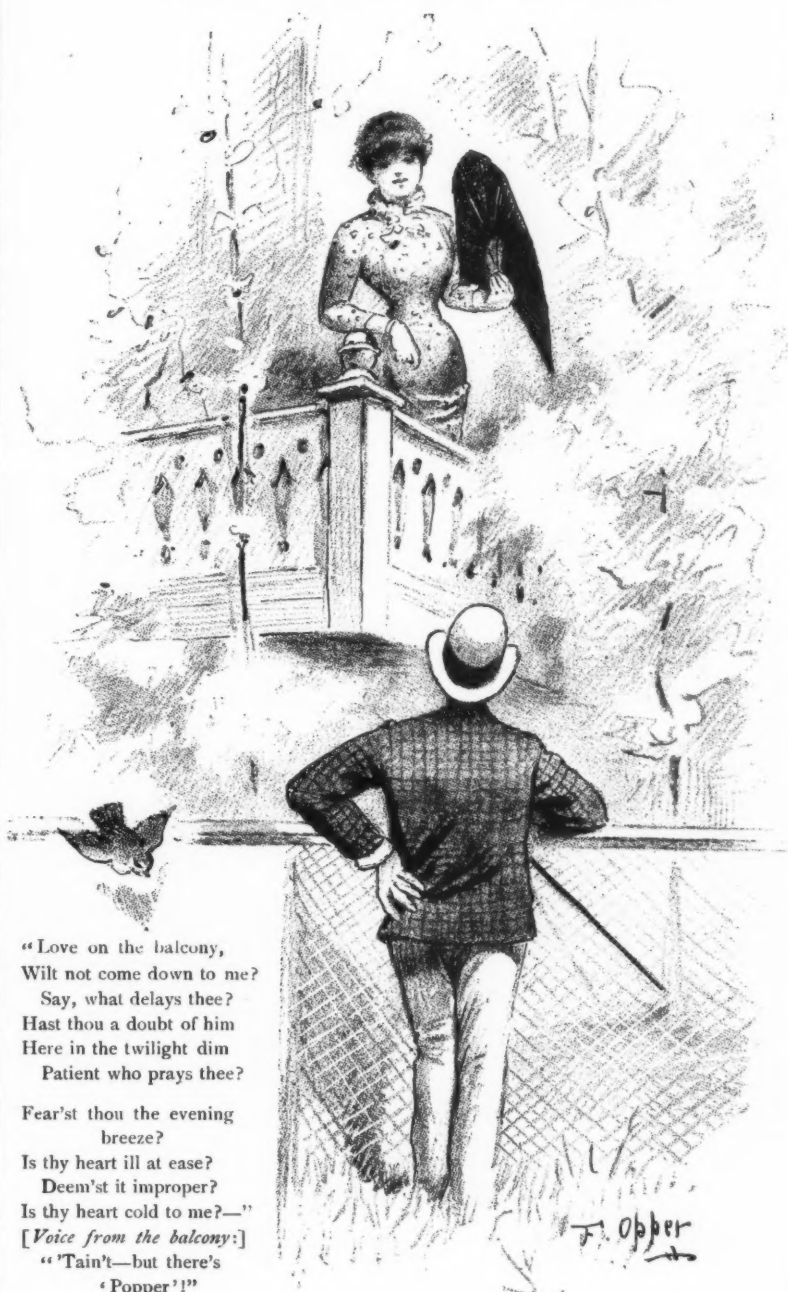
A WOMAN HAS asked the Belgian Jockey Club to let her ride her own horses in their races. She closes her petition with the remark, in English: "That's the kind of a hair-pin I am." From this we infer that she will not use a side-saddle.

A POLISH TENOR SINGER, while singing at a concert recently, was suddenly taken violently ill, and finished his performance by whistling his song. It is just as we supposed; a man can whistle when he can't do anything else.

DENNIS KEARNEY is still running his employment-office in San Francisco. From the comparative quiet that has been noticed on the Pacific Slope latterly, we had supposed he was either dead or in jail.

ONLY ONE-QUARTER of the children in the Argentine Republic go to school. The fishing in South America must be better than it is in this country.

THE WHYNESS OF THE COYNESS.



"Love on the balcony,
Wilt not come down to me?
Say, what delays thee?
Hast thou a doubt of him
Here in the twilight dim
Patient who prays thee?
Fear'st thou the evening
breeze?
Is thy heart ill at ease?
Deem'st it improper?
Is thy heart cold to me?"
[Voice from the balcony:]
"Tain't—but there's
'Popper'!"

THE PROGRESS OF ENVY.

Never be envious. Many a good man and many a good woman have been ruined by envy. It is a very bad thing. It is not only bad, but it is useless as well. I have lived long enough to learn that it does not pay for the wear and tear on one's disposition. It will not help matters one whit to feel sour and unhappy because your neighbor has something you imagine you ought to possess to secure contentment. Look back at the friends of days gone by and see how many of them have fared better than you. It is an interesting and instructive thing thus to retrospect.

When I was a boy of four I envied the youngster who ate candy all the time, while I had but little. Now that youngster has no teeth and no stomach, so to speak, and I can bite a peach-stone in two and digest boarding-house bread. At eight I envied the boy who always had a cent to spend; he was afterwards sent to the house of correction for robbing his mother of small sums. At ten I envied the boy who didn't have to go to Sunday-school; he was drowned one Sabbath for skating, foolish lad, on thin ice.

At eleven I envied the boys who didn't have red hair like mine; I have since learned that my mother loved me just as much, and that my wife imagines my head is gorgeous—besides, any one can have the ordinary shades of hair, while red is somewhat of a novelty. At twelve I envied the boy who was allowed to read dime-novels and police papers; that boy now cannot tell who is President of these United States, never heard of an Abolitionist or of Tammany Hall, and is the umpire of a base-ball club, without a friend in the world except his own nine.

At thirteen I longed to be permitted to run the streets "after supper," like the Smith boy; the Smith boy is now a low ward politician of the minority party, has a red nose, but no character. At fourteen I wanted my father to buy a big house, like the dwelling occupied by the Jenkins family; the Jenkins house was soon afterwards sold to pay the interest on the first mortgage, but our little house is still in possession of the family. At fifteen I wanted to leave the school behind and go to work; at sixteen I wanted to leave the shop behind and go back to school. At seventeen I envied young Dandy, because the girls liked his black eyes and sweet smiles better than my freckled face, of which only one girl seemed proud; Dandy was once sued for a breach of promise, and is now in jail for bigamy—I am free, have my best girl yet, and my freckled-face boy calls her mother.

At eighteen I wanted to put on lots of style like other young fellows, but was held back by pa; I have since learned that the tailors paid for the garments the other fellows sported, and that the latter now borrow all their tobacco with no idea of returning it. At nineteen I envied my companions who carried gold watches, but it wasn't long before I had my silver time-piece grabbed from me by a pickpocket; by the operation I saved at least fifty dollars. At twenty I thought I was old enough to teach my paternal parent how to run his business, and felt jealous of young men in partnership with their pas; when I discovered, however, that the old man was lying awake at night trying to devise a plan to meet a note, I found sleep and comfort in knowing it was his picnic and not mine.

At twenty-one I wished I had been a voter for ten years, as it was such a grand thing to blow about "my vote," you know; at the end of the year, when the time came for paying out for taxes enough money to buy a new overcoat, I would have been satisfied to have been denied the right of franchise for ten years

REASONABLE.



WANDERING ACROBAT (to Yokel Audience).—"Now then, gents, rustle round and chip right into the collection. The next thing on the programme is the great double back somersault Sam Patch act on the high rope, an' I ain't goin' to break my neck for no five or ten cents this time!"

more. At twenty-two I longed to be a bright paragrapher like Hairbrain; Hairbrain is now in an insane-asylum, while I am still able to write up dog-fights and slugging-matches in the most approved manner. At twenty-three I thought my friend Tenderlung the luckiest fellow in the world, because he had a good business and a beautiful home, while I toiled for a little lucre and lived in a plain cot; Tenderlung is now in Colorado coughing his life away—I am still here and am strong enough to blow the top out of the biggest blowing-machine you ever saw. At twenty-four I longed to go to the Legislature; the fellow that beat me in getting the nomination spent two thousand dollars of borrowed money and was defeated by four votes. At twenty-five I wanted to be rich instead of having to make my hands sore in scissoring extracts for a country weekly; I have since learned that Jay Gould's hands get just as sore in cutting off coupons—besides, I am not blackguarded from Beersheba to Daniel as he is.

At thirty I felt envious of my old friend Goeasy, who had a wealthy father and did nothing but amuse himself; Goeasy's father lost his fortune in betting on the wrong stock, and Goeasy himself was called a Blainiac every day for seven months. At thirty-five I wanted to make a reputation for myself, like a certain silver-tongued orator I knew; the silver-tongued orator is now separated from his wife and is never heard of. At forty I envied the men who had retired from business and settled down to spend what they had saved; most of the fellows that have retired never know what it is to have a good digestion, and spend yearly for liver and kidney medicine as much as I can earn in that time.

At fifty I have stopped being envious and am satisfied to plod along with a robust stomach, two good suits of clothes, three meals a day, plenty to read, a dear "old woman," with hair just turning gray, a snug little home, no debts, and a contented disposition.

But yet, after all, I would like to scrape together enough extra cash to take a jaunt to Europe and back, like that old upstart and ignoramus Strutabout, who lives in the next block.

WILLILL.

THE SEX A-SUMMERING.

A few of the things that bother women out of town for the summer beyond description are:

To have to bait her own hooks, and take the fish off when she catches them—

To be told to keep still, in order that the fish may not be frightened away from the bait—

To be told by her husband that business is so bad that they must return to the city right away—

To have another woman with an inferior wardrobe receive more attention than she receives—

To discover that her son has taken her large sun-bonnet, and fastened it on a stick to use for a scap-net—

To rush to the office on the arrival of the mail and find that she is the only woman in the house that hasn't got at least one letter—

To dress up in Fifth Avenue style and go to church, only to find no one there but the native yokels, who do not admire and envy her, but rather regard her as a natural curiosity—

To be in the country about a thousand miles from the city, and learn by the metropolitan papers that So-and-So, Smith & So-and-So are having a slaughter, and are selling off six-dollar parasols for a dollar and forty-nine cents—

To sit in a light cranky boat, and have to look straight ahead in order to keep the thing from upsetting, at a moment when another woman is standing just behind her on the shore in a new dress that she has on for the first time—

And—

To have her husband walk off to study the mountain scenery, and be overpowered and lifted up by its rare and marvelous beauty and magnificence, at the moment when the Indian arrives on the hotel stoop with a basket full of canoes, glove-boxes, and all sorts of aboriginal *bric-à-brac*, at a dollar a bric.

THE EDITOR'S DEAL.

"Poetry is merely a trick of words," explained the poet.

"Yes," replied the editor, as he dropped him out of the window: "and clubs are trumps."

"YOUNG MEN ARE SADLY NEEDED AT THE SUMMER RESORTS."—Daily Paper.



OUR PHILANTHROPISTS OUGHT TO GIVE EXCURSIONS FOR DESERVING YOUNG MEN, THE SAME AS THEY DO FOR NEWS-BOYS AND WORKING-GIRLS.

PURIFYING THE VERNACULAR.

"Shut off your word-mill and take a tumble!"

The speaker evidently meant business, as she energetically ejected the order through the sweetest of sweet red lips. Twenty pairs of exquisite pink ears gathered in the sounds, while a corresponding number of tympanums transmitted the vibrations to the connecting brains.

Each interpreted the message, when translated into English, as meaning "Come to order."

With as little delay as is compatible with the feminine character, they came.

The luxurious apartment, an ornate modern drawing-room, refined in all its appointments to the ultimate verge of æstheticism, fairly swooned with the heavy odors of zephyr-kissed tropic blooms. A clever artist could have carved Cupids, and Venuses, and Pucks, and other works of art out of the perfumed atmosphere.

"The ice-cream is on you!" merrily shouted a musical voice that had the genuine tinkle of the Swiss Bell-Ringers when their bells were new and without crack or flaw.

"I cave!" good-naturedly responded the first speaker.

"By the Sacred Gum of Vassar," said a *petite* brunette: "that makes me feel yum-yum all over!"

"What shall its flavor be?" sang a budding prima donna, to the air of "What shall the harvest be?"

"Chocolate!" was the prompt response of a statuesque beauty.

"By the toney tip of my latest love of a bonnet, I say strawberry!" ejaculated a silvery voice from under a tip-tilted nose.

"Hash of an old maid's heart—vanilla!" asserted she of the love-lit eyes.

"Give me pineapple or give me death!" thundered the Queen of Tragedy.

"Oh, that's just too doggy for anything," approvingly remarked a radiant maiden.

"Cheese the dude!" said another: "Lemon is good enough for me."

"By the corset of my much-unmarried aunt, I vote no!" Half-hidden by the graceful folds of the embracing curtain, the words came with the solemn weight of the inevitable.

"You are just too utterly flip," was the irreverent rejoinder.

"Warmed over love of an old man's heart—"

"Jumping bicycle of the boss beau," interrupted the prima donna, before the radiant maiden could finish: "let's compromise on lemonade with a straw."

"Holy Baked Beans!" moaned the Boston-bred girl, like a lost soul in agony: "Why can't we try 'em all?"

"You're the stuff!" shouted they all with one accord. All except the first speaker, who shaded her eyes.

"A chromo for your thoughts."

It was the modest banana-cream-loving creature, who had not spoken before.

"I order it up," said the first speaker, resuming her normal air of care-free *bonhomie*.

And the Cleveland (Ohio) "Young Ladies' Anti-Slang Club" adjourned to the nearest ice-cream saloon, where the President stood treat.

WINTHROP.

Answers for the Anxious.

SAL SODA.—If your communication is a chess-problem, we don't want it. If it is a crochet-pattern, we don't want it, either. If it is anything else, we don't want it. We don't want it, anyway.

WILLIAM J.—Thanks, dear boy. Your intentions are gilt-edged, if your performance isn't quite up to the most elevated standard. We will accept the intention and quietly lay the performance away to rest where it won't be disturbed.

ETHELBERTA.—Dear child, in the scale of comparative values established by the wisdom of the world, making preserves ranks high above making poetry. The bounding iambus and the mellifluous dactyl are good enough things in their way; but they are not filling. Love awaits you, Ethelberta, Love with great, tender eyes and a bristly moustache; but believe us, fair one, that Love will curl its heart-strings more closely around a jar of raspberry jam or a loaf of plain bread than it will around a comic poem about cats and bootjacks. You may not believe this, but the golden future will show that we and the waste-basket are dead right in the matter.

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

"I tell you, my dear—" said an old gentleman to his wife on the summer hotel veranda.

"Don't tell me anything, sir," retorted the lady, with emphasis.

"But I believe—"

"Bah! What do your beliefs amount to?"

"But I think—"

"Bah! You flatter yourself. What are your thoughts worth?"

"But, my dear, I know—"

"Don't talk to me about what you know. What you don't know would fill an encyclopædia. Everybody knows you are a stupid old, senseless, worthless dotard. You don't know enough to come in when it rains."

"Who is that old gentleman over there?" asked a visitor of the hotel clerk.

"Don't you know him? Why, he is the Chief Justice of our Supreme Court."

VERY NOBBY—A Boarding-House Bed.

IF THE Duke of Wellington were alive now, it is not unlikely that some friend would observe that it would be a happy scheme to call him the Iron Pier.

AN EXCHANGE says: "The back-bone of the Cleveland strike is broken." That is well enough, as far as it goes; but it is not so much the back-bone of a strike that needs breaking as the jaw-bone.

AN ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY argues that because Charles Venom Dana was at one time Assistant-Secretary of War, he must be a smart and good man. Well, wasn't Secor Robeson Secretary of the Navy?

JOHN ROACH says he wanted to prove that this country could transact its shipping business on its own bottoms. That may be very true, but this country has recently proved that John Roach cannot transact his ship-building business on government bottom.



OFFICE OF "PUCK" 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

IN MEMORIAM.

PCK.



RIAN U. S. GRANT.

MAYER, MERKEL & OTTHARN, LITH. 21-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

DESPERATION AND MUSIC.

Addressed to a Wandering Wagnerite with a Flute and
a Preposterous Amount of Wind.



Tootle, yes, tootle, tootle, toot thy fill!
Tootle beneath my window in the night—
Tootle when dewy morn dawns fair and bright—
What matter if thou tootlest well or ill?
Why should I longer care to have thee still?
Time was, O tootler, when this arm could smite—
Time was when naught had saved thee but swift
flight—
Now mayest thou toot in peace—I will not kill.
My girl has given me the bounce supreme,
My summer shoes are hot and cramp my feet,
My collar wilts, my heart 's a shattered bomb—
Thou art the final touch that ends my dream;
Thy torture makes my agony complete,
Raising my misery into Martyrdom.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

Rain, rain, rain, rain
Falling fast in the dusty lane,
Beating against the window-pane,
Reviving the flower on the plain,
Splashing and flashing with might and main,
Drenching the fields of full-bearded grain,
Oh, when will it pause, desist and wane,
And come to a full stop, rain, rain,
Rain, rain, rain, rain,
Rainketty, rainketty rain.

"Here we have got to sit in this close little low-ceilinged parlor all day long," murmured fair Bridgetina, as she looked out of the window at the rain that fell in the lake so fast that its bosom seemed covered with a light snow: "This rain may be very nice for wheat and corn, and I suppose that is what makes our corn-bread and biscuits so soggy every morning. And then the tennis-court was fresh-marked yesterday, and now the marking is all washed away, and we sha'n't be able to play a set to-day, and I have just finished my new ashes-of-roses suit to wear on George's arrival this afternoon. I declare, it is just too provoking for anything."

And Bridgetina gave herself a whirl on the piano-stool, and the seat whirled madly with her at the rate of eighty revolutions a minute, until the screw got in as far as it could go, when it came to such a sudden stop that Bridgetina was cast unceremoniously on the floor.

See the rain upon the flower,
Pretty flower,
See it from the leaden heaven
Swiftly shower,

See it come a-rolling down
From the highest mountain crown,
See it gem the drooping rose,
Look at Arabella's hose,
As she trips across the street
Than an antelope more fleet,
See the rain its jewels spill
In the wayside daffodil,
See it make the rooster sick
As he walks around as quick
As he can in the flood
And the mud.
Now no more his tail is wagged,
And he 's simply mud-bedraggled
From his caudal to his 'ackle,
And he never once does cackle,
As he struts, struts, struts,
And across the meadow for the hen-house cuts.

"This is a most refreshing shower," remarks a man sitting at his window, looking out at the rain that seems a prairie of telegraph-wires.

"This is about the meanest storm I ever saw," says a man who is out about a mile from shore, pulling for all he is worth.

"Yes, it is," replies his wife, who sits in the stern wringing her bonnet out: "We need this rain more than anything else just now to make the crops jump out of the earth. Oh, the pearly rain, the soft, opalescent rain that makes the potatoes grow like the interest on a church-mortgage."

"I could get along a good while without rain," remarks the man in the boat, as he commences to bail out with his new Mackinaw straw hat that he just paid three dollars for.

"If you don't row faster we'll never get there," murmurs the wife, who is wiping the water off her face by the handful.

"If you think you can row any better, just come and take a hand."

"This rain is splendid," says a Jerseyman coming down on the cars: "it will fill my tank in the garden to the brim."

"It makes me crazy," said his companion: "I paid a man seventy-five cents yesterday to pump my tank full. It never rains until I have paid to have that infernal tank pumped full."

"I think my prayer for rain has been answered," said the village preacher to his wife: "I prayed for this for several Sundays, you know."

"This rain just spoils this here camp-meeting," says Brother Hayseed to old Sister Clovertop: "whenever we come out in the open air to worship a storm is sure to come up."

"Oh, but this puts new life into me," remarked an old drake, as he wiggled along in the deep mud and held his bill up like a plumber: "this makes me feel as happy as though I had a corner in corn."

And the duck sank from sight in a pool.

"I suppose I have got to be taken out in this horrible storm and soaked to my bones, and I don't like it at all. The last time I was out I took a bad cold in my whalebones, and have had rheumatism ever since. I am a home umbrella, and I'm just as much afraid as any girl in a bathing-suit is."

This rain—
But it has cleared
off like a dishonest
bank official.

R. K. M.

WILL IT COME TO THIS?

SCENE.—The office of a local morning paper.

EDITOR (*walking over to a very weary-looking reporter*).—I think you had better give us two columns and a half on the Pedestal—

REPORTER.—Bartholdi kindly donated truly yours one hundred thousand dollars cheering features grand total patriotic humanity subscriptions Lafayette correspondent keep on sending Liberty.

EDITOR.—What?

REPORTER.—Band of patriots fund Bedloe's Island Washington States of America rays Liberty torch all honor follow lists independence final amount ninety thousand dollars whoop-her-up interest increasing Bartholdi benefits smoothing-irons to-day's record comfortable jump special mention Cohoes goddess of French officers hearts of the people.

EDITOR.—Ha, what's that, sir? What do you mean by—

REPORTER (*running his fingers wildly through his hair*).—Last ten—ten thousand letters fund grows day by day soon get one hundred and sixty-nine individual givers takes all summer patient pedestal Bartholdi purse for all ages we the undersigned amount previously reported gigantic success past week noble grand undertaking Newark Centreville Nyack Philadelphia one dollar a day worship *Isere* down the Bay all along the line stream liberal givers—hurrah for France—who cares for Liberty Bartholdi people give—give—one—hundred—thou—thou—one—hun—

The reporter's head sank upon the desk in front of him. He was dead.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

"I'll pay you for this cigar when I'm coming up-town this evening," said a dude, as he picked out a ten-cent straight in a Broadway store.

"We never give credit for goods sold at retail," said the clerk: "Very sorry, but that is our rule."

"Ah, to be sure," said the dude: "just put me up five hundred Henry Clays, and charge 'em."

But the clerk failed to catch the drift of the joke.

THE HOPE OF THE G. O. P.



J. G. B. (to J. A. L.).—"Take it, Jack, if you want it. 'Twan't a dern bit of use to me, last campaign; but you're welcome to all there is of it."

FROM LAKE GEORGE.

While lying beneath a mountain tree,
On a delicate mossy bed,
The ghost of Uncas appeared to me,
And this is what he said:

I'm the sprightly old war-whooper
That you read about in Cooper,
Whose foremost names, I think, were Jimmy Fenimore.
And my spirit goes a-roaming
Through this forest in the gloaming,
Where it never in the flesh can wander any more.

No more I'll roast the possum
When the dogwood is in blossom,
Nevermore for war my hide I'll loudly rubricate.
And I'll never roast the trapper,
In his nobby bear-skin wrapper,
Or within his skull my ancient hatchet lubricate.

And I'll ne'er fire hunters' hovels,
As they say I do in novels
For a dime which me and all my race incriminate.
And my hand I'll nevermore lock
In the early settler's forelock,
With a view his glossy ringlets to eliminate.

Now it makes me jump and holler
When the Piccadilly collar
As their preference I see my children nominate.
And I squirm to see each youth pick
Out the shoe that's called the tooth-pick,
While tight trousers are the things that I abominate.

I'm sorrier and sorrier
Each day to look and be
Satisfied that not a warrior
Among my boys I see.
They don't know how to shoot a gun,
Or fish along the shore,
They're lazy and no good, each one,
And also, furthermore,
They're only fit to peddle things around from door
to door.

Where you now observe me standing,
Under this old spreading hemlock,
On the forest's downy mosses,
I, Big-injun-much-fight Uncas,
Used to wander with a rifle
And a hatchet, to split open
Any one I stumbled on to,
Here I used to knock the jayhawk
And the skunk and rabbit silly;
Here I used to nick my rifle
When I knocked out any white man;
Here I used to stew the baby,
And perform the merry war-dance
All around the spitting camp-fire;
Here's the spot of all my greatness;
Here's the scene of every triumph
Of the life of Ancient Uncas,
Last of all the great Mohicans,
With the accent on the second
Syllable, old man, you hear me?
Now my tomahawk is planted,
Likewise all my bows and arrows,
And no more again I'll shoot them.

Let me softly whisper to you,
In the light and airy rippling
Measure used in Hiawatha:
Now that I am deeply planted,
Quite forgotten is my greatness,
And I'm only used for booming
Lake hotels for summer boarders.
They have cut me out of lumber,
Stuck me up upon a flag-pole
Like a weather-vane, with arrows
And a bow held in my fingers,
And from head to foot I'm painted
In a bright and vulgar scarlet.
One more thing that sets me hopping
Is to know that this same Cooper
Makes me out a sort of goody-
Goody law-abiding Indian,
That goes unto church on Sunday
And ne'er dances on his mother.
I can only say that Cooper
Did n't paint me up correctly;
For I was as fond of whiskey
As I was of war and bloodshed.
And I do not think it kindness
For that Mr. J. F. Cooper
To inform the world that Uncas
Was a gentle dudelet Indian.

And then above on the emerald spray
I heard the catbird scream,
And the ghost of Uncas melted away
Like a plate of strawberry cream.
R. K. M.

A FEW CHUNKS OF PHYSIOLOGY.

The motto of the phrenologist is, "Man, know thyself." There are times, however, when a man wouldn't know himself if he were to meet himself face to face in the street. One of these times is immediately after he has attempted to knock out the American champion in a slugging-match. Man is a wonderful piece of mechanism. So is woman—especially when she seeks the aid of art to improve nature.

The human body is composed of bones, sinews, muscles, nerves, blood, arteries, veins, ligaments, facials and water—provided the body is not raised in Kentucky. The bones number about 245. This is about 589,672,000,100 less than the number of bones in the shad, and explains why a cannibal prefers roast missionary to planked shad. The cannibal may be groping in blind ignorance outside the pale of civilization, but he exhibits an epicurean taste of no mean talent. A cannibal is never choked to death by a bone of a missionary lodging in his throat.

The number of bones possessed by man varies. The "end man" of a minstrel troupe, for instance, has four more bones than the interlocutor who propounds the pre-historic conundrums. This fact is not mentioned in any physiological work with which we are familiar. A boneless man could experiment with a patent fire-escape, and illustrate its advantages, without breaking a limb. A man with 245 bones might achieve a similar feat, but such instances are exceedingly rare. Every man has a "funny-bone," and whenever it receives an emphatic whack, the sensation produced is about as funny as a mother-in-law joke. It is the opinion of eminent scientists and physiologists that a man could be just as funny without a funny-bone to his back—or to his elbow, rather.

One of the most important bones in man is the back-bone. It is sometimes asserted that such and such a political office-holder "lacks

back-bone." This is a "political roorback"—sometimes called "a weak invention of the enemy," for short. The back-bone consists of 24 vertebræ, which materially add to the symmetrical appearance of the human skeleton. Some of the bones in man have hinges, upon which acute pain occasionally hangs. Nature has thoughtfully provided these hinges with oil. This lubricant fails to exude at times; then the hinges creak, and rheumatism and doctor-bills ensue. Nature should have met such emergencies by making small apertures leading to these hinges, so that when they grew rusty man could oil up his own machinery. But we suspect she never thought of that.

When a man devotes a few hours to the rural pastime of picking potatoes, he wonders why the back-bone was not provided with several hinges, and he wants to petition Congress to pass an act "entitled an act," etc., to remedy this defect in the human vertebræ. But Nature made no mistake in constructing this piece of machinery. Hinges in the back-bone, and the supply of oil exhausted, would soon make a man regret that his spinal column was not as hingeless as a crowbar.

Man has 24 ribs, and bodies have been known to have 26. Brigham Young had more than a hundred "ribs." Many of them were merely "sealed" to him. They stuck to him, though, as if they had been glued—all but Ann Eliza. She went off on a lecturing-tour. The muscles in man number about 440. The muscles are inclosed in a sheath in which there is lubricating oil. There seems to be considerable oil in man, albeit he is never struck for oil; but he is sometimes "struck" for fifty cents. The muscles in a female are of a finer texture than those in males and Dr. Mary Walker. The face is made up of muscles, and has been called the playground of the soul. The face of the lightning-rod peddler has never been called the

A PROUD MOMENT.



This represents Mr. and Mrs. Youngkuppel, who have recently taken a small house in the suburbs, showing their apple-tree, with one apple on it, to a party of city friends.

boundless prairie of the gall, but it probably is. Some of the muscles have marvelous power. In chewing cheap boarding-house beef-steak or spring-chicken, the power exerted by certain facial muscles is estimated to equal 15,000 lbs.

Blood is an important composition of the human system. In Boston "blue blood" is more desirable than brains—though Boston is pretty well supplied with the latter. The circulation of the blood was discovered by Harvey. But neither Harvey nor any other man ever succeeded in discovering the circulation of the only newspaper that has more subscribers than any of its contemporaries. The color of the blood is due to the presence of hæmoglobin; but from a superficial glance at the vital fluid you would not suspect it. By putting a few grains of indigo in hæmoglobin, the much-coveted "blue blood" is obtained. At least, we suppose so. It looks plausible, anyway.

The heart is the steam-boiler, as it were, of the human machinery. We are told that a person could not live without a heart, but a young man has been known to lose his heart and still eat three meals a day. In this case, however, the young man has received the heart of a young lady in exchange for the one he has lost. When he loses his heart and doesn't receive a female cardiac organ in return, he may not die, but he feels as if he wanted to.

If a man could dispense with his lungs, and still do business at the old stand, his doctor's bills would not accumulate so rapidly. The lungs are breathing tubes, and are strongest when first made. The yells of the new infant will verify this seemingly wild statement. One person will exhaust 3.37 hogsheads of air per hour. It is lucky for man that air costs less than beer.

The liver is a delicate piece of machinery. It gets out of repair as easily as the American navy. An impression prevails that the liver was invented for the purpose of booming the sale of liver-pads. The genius who introduces a patent elastic warranted-to-never-get-out-of-order liver to take the place of the badly-constructed gland now worn, will make a fortune and decrease the amount of suffering in the world nearly fifty per cent.

The nerves are an interesting study. If there were no nerves there would be no nervous system, and a woman wouldn't jump four feet high and sprain her vocal organ when she sees a mouse. The only person we can recall at this writing who is not provided with a full complement of nerves is John Bull. It is stated that John would go to war with Russia, but he "hasn't got the nerve." It is probable that he will acquire sufficient nerve before this article gets into print. If a man was constructed without nerves, a \$10,000-a-year government official could work three hours a day for three months without exhausting his nervous system and requiring six months' vacation to recuperate.

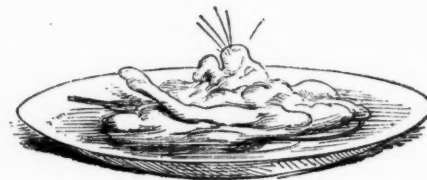
The brain is "the workshop of the human machine," but, all the same, John L. Sullivan, the Boston professor of the pugilistic art, doesn't keep the tools with which he makes his money—i. e., his fists—in his head. He keeps them about the other fellow's head pretty lively, though. When a man puts a bullet in his workshop, he paralyzes business. There was a theory extant some years ago that when the brain was out the man died. The existence of the dude and the anglo-maniac fatally shatters this hypothesis.

The soul of man—But this is immaterial.
J. H. W.

BANK clearances—cashiers escaping to Canada.—*Boston Post.*

"A GOOD base-ball player gets a better salary than the Governor of Rhode Island." Well, he has a larger field to work in.—*New York Graphic.*

The Tragedy of the Ice-Cream Lion and the Day that was Hot Enough for Him.



—From the German.

HE had been going to see her a long time, but never stated the object of his visits, and she was desirous of knowing something of the future. The last night he called he seemed to be quite sad, and after several well-developed sighs he said:

"Life is full, very full of bitterness, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," she responded, cheerily:

"I haven't much cause to complain."

"Possibly not now, Mary; but the bitter cup has been placed to your lips."

"Yes, Henry; my parents are dead."

"And is there no bitterness in that, Mary? Is it not very, very sad to be an orphan?"

"Of course it is, Henry; but you see"—and she blushed vividly—"it relieves you of the embarrassment to ask father."

Henry's heart was touched.—*Merchant Traveler.*

NEWARK (N. J.) is a large and thriving town, given up almost entirely to manufacturing. It has an enormous population of mechanics, many of whom are in comfortable circumstances, and a very small number of "first families." In many respects Newark is similar to other manufacturing towns, but I am sure its social life presents phases which cannot be found in any other part of the world. The Newarker's social position is not only determined by the kind of goods he manufactures, but the trail of his "shop" is over his whole family. There is one exclusive and intellectual circle made up wholly of leather and steam-engine people, and another, of almost equal refinement, composed of sheet-iron, harness and earthenware families. A degree below these is the malleable-casting, horse-collar and window-shade set, which rank much higher than the circle in which the harness-buckle, coffin-trimming and overshoe people predominate.

One of the most brilliant events of the social season in Newark is the annual ball of the Patent Leather Dancing Class, and great was the scandal caused this year by the appearance of two tooth-brush girls escorted by worthy young men of peppermint extraction, and matronized by a celluloid chaperon.

Calico hops are popular, and so are copper-wire hops, carpet dances and whisk-broom surprise-parties. Some ladies boast of entertaining a great deal of "carriage company," while others are content to receive wagon, sleigh, or even horse-collar company.

"Come early on Tuesday evening," writes a Newark hostess: "I want you to meet the Misses Smythe, two lovely vegetable ivory girls, and Mrs. Squair, the compressed hay widow who plays so divinely. I would be happy, also, to have you bring that agreeable young clothes-wringer friend of yours with you."

Newark has not only an aristocracy, but a desiccated codfish aristocracy, which is the subject of general ridicule. It is also worthy of note that it is difficult for even lightning-rod and weather-cock families to get into the highest society.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

We have received a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK. It is quite a large volume, full of admirable illustrations, by the magic pencils of the artists who have placed PUCK at the head of the list of the illustrated comic journals, not only of this country, but of Europe; for neither *Punch*, *Fliegende Blätter* nor the French comic papers are as good in any of the departments that go to make up a first-class illustrated humorous journal.—*Texas Siftings.*

The Second Crop of PICKINGS FROM PUCK has been harvested. It announces that it "not only makes you laugh, but enables you to put out the light without getting out of bed, and tells you how to borrow money without security." Such information is cheap at any price, and the reading-matter consists of the brightest things of this bright comic paper. Published by Keppler & Schwarzmann, New York; for sale by all newsdealers; price 25 cents.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

WHEN CHOLERA is expected, it is the part of prudence to prepare for it. Since 1832

Fred. Brown's ESSENCE OF Jamaica Ginger

has proved an admirable preventive against the attacks of Cholera and like Zymotic diseases; and it is also an excellent remedy in its treatment.

AS A PREVENTIVE.

Take a teaspoonful in each tumbler of water used at meals. By adding to the general strength it aids effectively healthy digestion, and thus raises a bulwark against the onsets of disease.

AS A REMEDY.

In large doses (with hot water if possible,) internally. It will stimulate the circulation and cause the skin to act well; and applied on flannel to the stomach it will be found to act promptly as a counter-irritant.

Shun Counterfeits and Imitations.

Remember the Genuine

FREDERICK BROWN'S CINCER

unlike the imitations, has never been claimed to be a specific for all the ills that flesh is heir to—but in most cases it will do good.

Look out for the additional Trade Mark in Red, White and Black.

**FREDERICK BROWN,
PHILADELPHIA.**

SUMMER RESORT hotels are putting on big adjectives and otherwise keeping apace with the season. Mosenbaum, who keeps the "Boudoir," was taken to task for stretching his advertisement too much.

"Hi there, Mose," said a friend: "I see you advertise that your rooms have been enlarged."

"So dey haf."

"But there have been no carpenters at work on your place."

"No. Wait till I tole you. I haf scraped der paper off dose walls. See?"—*Hartford Evening Post.*

HE had fallen into the stream, and had already sunk once and was going down a second time, when a brave man leaped into the angry waters and laid hold of the unfortunate one. The latter looked at his rescuer in a beseeching manner, and gasped: "I beg, my dear sir, that you will permit me to sink once more—in the interest of literary tradition, you know. No person I ever read of was rescued until he was going down for the third time. I may die, but I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I have not departed from a time-honored and revered custom."—*Boston Transcript.*

DE BERIOT was once asked by a pupil how long it required to learn the violin. "If the learner possesses brains, talent and patience, ten hours a day for ten years," was the reply. This seems rather paradoxical. How can a man with brains and talent waste his time playing the violin?—*New York Graphic.*

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS

RECOMMEND—

BROWN'S
IRON
BITTERS
AS THE
BEST TONIC

Combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, it quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Chills & Fevers, & Neuralgia. An unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys & Liver. Does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation, — other iron medicines do. The genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. MADE ONLY BY Brown Chemical Co. Baltimore, Md.

On Every Bottle.

QUALITY
P
PURITY
NOT QUANTITY

Trade Mark

Combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, it quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Chills & Fevers, & Neuralgia. An unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys & Liver. Does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation, — other iron medicines do. The genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. MADE ONLY BY Brown Chemical Co. Baltimore, Md.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

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SOHMER & CO.

CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.

NIEDER SELTERS WATER

(The Original German Selters).

Recommended by the leading European medical authorities for its purity.

UNEQUALLED AS A TABLE WATER.

Beware of Imitations.

ANTHONY OCHS.

51 Warren Street,

Sole Agent for the United States.

150

LUXURIOUS SLEEPING & LOUNGING GARMENTS.
SEND FOR SAMPLES

PAJAMAS

THOS. MILLER & SONS 1151 BROADWAY, N.Y.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

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AMERICAN BICYCLES
THE CHALLENGE SAFETY AND IDEAL
GORMULLY & JEFFERY
222-224 N. FRANKLIN ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

SIZES 28 TO 30 INCHES
PRICES \$35 to \$82.50

SEND STAMP FOR 32 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO THE MANUFACTURER.



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Don't Discharge Your Doctor

But tell him frankly you are getting desperate. Perhaps he will review his treatment, and advise a trial of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

In this case, as in many others, the change worked wonders:—

"Three years ago I suffered greatly from Liver Complaint, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, and Headache; my stomach was disordered, and, although I ate sparingly of carefully selected food, I was in constant distress from indigestion. I was troubled with sleeplessness, and became so emaciated and feeble that I was unable to leave my room. After remaining in this reduced condition over a month, and receiving no benefit from the medicines prescribed for me, I obtained my doctor's consent to a trial of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Before I had finished the first bottle of this medicine I began to improve. By its continued use the troubles with my liver and stomach disappeared, and my appetite and strength returned. After taking eight bottles my health was fully restored, and I am again able to attend to my business."—ISAAC D. YARRINGTON, Bunker Hill st., Charlestown District, Boston, Mass.

For Stomach, Liver or Kidney troubles, and the cure of all disorders of the blood, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most powerful, and, at the same time, economical remedy in use.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

ALLEN'S COCAINE TABLETS
For HAY FEVER, CATARRH, AND THROAT TROUBLES.
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WHEN Miss Leffingwell-Slote, who had just graduated at Wellesley, was told that there was a probability of a short hay-crop this year, she remarked that she supposed it wouldn't be so bad if the grass-crop turned out well. She presumed that horses could eat grass in the winter as well as in summer, if they were put to it."—*Boston Transcript.*

WORTH, the world-famous dress-maker, has published the names of the ladies who ordered dresses which they were unable to pay for. This will be convenient for the parents of girls who have married Italian noblemen. It will give them a complete directory of the present addresses of their sons-in-law.—*New York Graphic.*

It is thought that Gen. Wolseley could eliminate the United States Army in about three days if he should take command of it and start out to fight the Indians.—*Boston Post.*

"DIPPING SUGAR" is a Western term for kissing, and a not inappropriate one, either. It takes considerable sand to kiss some Western girls.—*New York Graphic.*

If El Mahdi is not supplied with the lives of a cat, he cannot afford to die many times more.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

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JOHN BRIGHT's speech at Mr. Fields's London dinner gives forth the impression that that statesman considers this country almost as big as England. Apparently Mr. Bright is groping slowly around in the vicinity of a great and undeniable truth.—*Philadelphia Times*.

An exchange says: "What is a lover without a confidant?" He is a very sensible sort of fellow. He may not have very much fun, but, on the other hand, he never writes poetry to the newspapers or is sued for breach of promise.—*New York Graphic*.

THERE does not appear to be any immediate danger of an Indian outbreak in Idaho. The cowboys have sobered up.—*Phila. Times*.

THE mercury is respectfully informed that there is more room at the bottom now.—*Philadelphia Times*.

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